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INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.

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Original Articles.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Music—"Siberia."

BY S. A. S.

Come, united let our voices,
Join in praise to the Most High;
Swell the song of glad rejoicings
Till its echoes reach the sky;
He hath blessed us,
He whose glories fill the sky.

Praise to him, the Lord Almighty!
He hath blessed this happy land;
Gifts of grace, and wonders mighty,
Wide are scattered by his hand;
He hath blessed us,
Sound his praises through the land.

Other climes are wrapped in darkness,
But a glorious light beams here;
None need wander forth in blindness,
In this land where God is near;
He hath blessed us;
Who like him our souls can cheer?

Hark! his voice like many waters
Asketh all their hearts to bring;
"Ye shall be my sons and daughters,
I your father, and your king;"
Come and praise Him;
Bring your hearts, the offering.

Come, and join in loud thanksgiving;
To Jehovah swell the song;
Come all voices of the living,
Join in one triumphant song;
He hath blessed us,
Sound his praises loud and long.

TO CHLOE.

When in sorrow's hour, and sadness,
All the heart is filled with grief;
When no tones of joy or gladness,
Bring a hope of true relief;
When the varying winds of heaven,
Echo but the storms without,
And the dark'ning skies of even
Shadow but the clouds of doubt;

When my path grows dim and dimmer,
More obscured in mystery,—
There remains one beam whose glimmer,
Guides me, Chloe, unto thee!

When the dreaming soul—forgetful
Of the woe 't is doomed to bear—
Heaves no burthen'd sigh, regretful,
O'er the visions, imaged there;
When the frosts of early sorrow,
Chill the bloom of heart no more,—
And 't is promised that to-morrow
Shall its hues of joy restore;
When, with hope, the soul's sad ocean
Kindles like the sunlit sea;
And is calmed its wild emotion,—
Comes the soothing spell from thee!

SYRACUSE, Oct. 23, 1849. S. J. S.

PHILOSOPHY AND PRACTICE OF ETIQUETTE.*

INTRODUCTIONS. Scarcely any part of the *detail* of Etiquette is more neglected than this. A gentleman calls upon another on business, to stay but a moment, finds there a stranger, and is *introduced*; and departs without exchanging a word with him farther than the necessary compliment. Of what use, to each other, in the name of common sense, is the acquaintance of those two men who may never see, or wish to see, each other again, in the world?

Two friends are about leaving the place on the cars; one a resident, the other a stranger. A friend of the former chances to see them, steps up to exchange an adieu, is *introduced* to the other; the bell rings, and away go the cars, separating the new acquaintance without a moment's conversation. How much better for all would it have been for the two friends to bid each other good by, regardless of all strangers, and unperplexed by the intervention of a useless ceremonial.

Two parties, mostly of mutual friends, meet for a few moments on their way home from an evening lecture. Two of the gentlemen, strangers to each other, commence a conversation with a lady known to each; she imagines it incumbent on her, in order to place both *more at their ease*, to introduce them. This is done, and the gentlemen separate again, in a few moments, without ever having *seen* each others' faces, and totally unable to recognize each other on meeting by day-light.

* Continued from page 191.

A gentleman attends a social gathering, and after his announcement, the good hostess thinks herself obliged to introduce him to all present. It is done; and, if no great awkwardness occur from the wholesale act itself, the gentleman is delightfully embarrassed by finding himself obliged to offer civilities to many of the ladies without being able, for his life, to remember their names amongst all those he heard.

These illustrations introduce the idea we have in mind; viz., that no introduction should take place without an object to be gained and worth gaining.

Very different circumstances may justify what we have here condemned. Two persons, personally unknown to each other, may be intimate friends of a third, and anxious to make each others' acquaintance. This being the case, almost any opportunity would be proper for an introduction, that when they should see each other, thereafter, it might be improved.

As a general rule, individuals should not be introduced without the previous consent of both parties. It is a discourtesy to force upon one person the acquaintance of another. No *formal* consent is always necessary; it may be sufficiently implied. But at all events, it should be made certain that the act will be agreeable to both parties.

The *place where* must not be disregarded. Public places, as the street, the stage coach, or rail-car, are not, in general, proper ones. Circumstances may, however, make them such. These are places of business, where people do not go to make acquaintances. Not that conversation is to be precluded; on the contrary, persons accidentally thrown together for a time, have always a right to discuss any topic suggested to the mind and mutually agreeable. But an acquaintance cannot be founded on such an accident unless desirable by both. If thus desired, a formal introduction may be readily dispensed with.

Good sense and good taste must decide on the exceptions to this rule. Thus, if a gentleman have a female friend—say a sister,—about to start on a journey by railroad, and discovers on board the cars, an acquaintance whom he would interest in her safety and comfort, during the journey, it would be highly proper for him to introduce them after obtaining the consent of each.

The *attitude* must be noticed. Ordinarily, this should be standing; as one party at least, will usually be standing or advancing, it would be only courtesy for all to rise. Illness, or old age, of course, form exceptions.

Precedence is often a matter of difficulty to de-

cide. In monarchical countries, precedence is determined by the rank. With us it is different. We yield it first, by general consent, to the ladies; married ones preceding the unmarried, unless there be a great disparity of years, the married lady being youngest. Brides also take precedence; as also, on wedding occasions, the bridegroom. Public officers of high rank, the clergy, and, above all, elderly people, generally receive this deference.

The form of introduction may vary. It is sufficient that it be brief and graceful. You introduce or present to the person entitled to precedence.—“Allow me the honor of presenting to you,” is one form, commencing with the name of the person you address, and closing with that of the one introduced. The word “pleasure” may be used instead of “honor,” or “introducing” for “presenting,” with many other variations. The simple phrase “this is,” occurring between the two names, is quite common, and as good as any. When no precedence is accorded to either, the bare mention of the names is frequently made sufficient. But the most important thing is, to pronounce the names distinctly. And if you can throw in a word or two, touching the profession, or residence of either, or anything else of general interest, to start a conversation, it will tend to make the affair easy and agreeable.

Usually, if you accompany a person to the house of another, the former should be introduced to the latter.

LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION. These may appropriately be considered here, and as the following hints seem to us quite appropriate, we give them as we find them; only adding that when intended to be personally presented, the bearer's name should be on the outside.

“Letters of Introduction are to be considered as certificates of respectability—as proofs that you are known by the introducer to be a proper person to be admitted into the friendly circle of him to whom you are recommended, without the risk, in these days of elegant exterior, of his harboring a swindler, or losing his silver spoons.

“If you have letters of introduction from one friend to another, do not take them, but send them with your card of address. If he be a gentleman, he will return your visit as soon as possible; at any rate it will give him an option, which by taking your letters in person you do not do, but rather force yourself upon him whether he will or not. If your letters be on business only, no ceremony is necessary—take them at once. In all such matters never trust to a second, that which may be so much better done by yourself.

“There cannot be a more awkward situation for both parties than for one person to be waiting while the other is reading a letter with the endeavor to discover who the stranger may be, or a position in which the bearer looks so foolish, or feels so uncomfortable. Then comes the bow, a cold shake of the hand, with a few civil words of course—and all because you come upon a stranger who is unprepared; therefore, give him time to read the letter you bring, and to consider how he may best show his regard for your introducer by his attentions to yourself.

“Observe, that ‘Letters of Introduction,’ are never sealed by well bred people; the seal of the writer is attached to the envelope—requiring only a little wax to close it—at the option of the person to whom it is confided.”

CALLS. In making calls, first ascertain, after the door is opened, whether the person you wish to see, is at home. If so, you will accept an invitation to enter. If you intend to make a very brief stay,

your hat may be retained in your hand; otherwise, it is better to leave it on the hall table. Having entered the reception room, if the person you wish to see is not present, take a seat—any but the best one. It is always safe to occupy the sofa. Your friend having entered, model your conduct from his, (or hers). If the hand is presented, take it; if only a bow given, return it. If no seat is offered, remain standing; if the best one is, do not refuse it. Accept all the hospitality proffered. Sit, as much as possible, at ease, avoiding all awkward position.

Though the part of *entertainer* is conceded to belong to the host or hostess, do not be too scrupulous to exact such duty. If the conversation lags, exert yourself to make it interesting. And it is always well to have some material for conversation, prepared beforehand, such as late news, or any public topic; always avoiding more than a casual remark on the weather, if it is only ordinary weather.

Lastly, let your call have an end. Never protract it to weariness, if you would make a repetition of it desirable. And when you are ready to go, do it at once; not abruptly, as some do, running into one extreme to avoid another; but naturally, taking care not to stand long in the open door.

In repeating the call, be more governed by the manner of your host than by any formal invitation, or the want of it; for an invitation may be withheld from delicacy, where the desire is to give it, or it may be given from civility much against desire. It is by many assumed that ladies ought never to invite gentlemen to repeat a call; always excepting, of course, family friends and intimate acquaintance, generally.

The manner of getting out of the room is not altogether unimportant; there is a right way of doing it. It is not necessary to make any long apology for your departure; it is enough to rise, make your adieu, and go. If any one offers to open the door for you, permit it; if not, do it yourself without hesitation. If the door opens into the room, use the hand on the side toward which it swings, to avoid awkwardness.

When in the door, is the time to make your bow, and parting word. A “good morning” or “evening” is sufficient for one individual or a room full.

PARTIES. When a verbal invitation is sent, you may return a verbal answer; but if the invitation be written, so should be the reply. And in this case, let the reply be modeled, as nearly as may be, from the invitation, in form and style. You may refuse, expressing your regrets; but if you do so, you owe the person or family a call, which should be made within a week or two.

If you go, you are, on entering the house, first, to deposit your hat, or bonnet, and over-clothes, in the room appropriated for them. For gentlemen, the hall is often used. You are then directly to approach the lady giving the party, and pay your respects; after her, successively, to the most prominent members of the family. Your salutation must be modeled from that of the hostess, and family; if an offer is made to shake hands, do so; but do not offer this cordiality. You may then mix with the company.

As in calls, carry something to say. If conversation flows easily, and you do not need this help, so much the better; but have something which you can fall back upon. Beware, however, of *pedantry*. Avoid introducing scientific and high-sounding words and topics. Strive to adapt your con-

versation to the capacity and circumstances of your listener. Leave the profession at home.

Never take *French leave*. If you wish to go sooner than the others, find the hostess, or a representative, and take leave. She will express regret at your necessity for going so soon; but do not let this cause you to hesitate; it is merely complimentary. And whenever you go, do not fail to thus evidence your respect for the hostess, and host, if there be one. Let the leave-taking suit with the reception; if you were received with a bow, retire with one; if a hand was presented you to shake, on entering, do you offer yours, on leaving.

If you remain till the close of the party, it will probably devolve on you, if a gentleman, in common with others, to wait on the ladies to their homes. This thing is often arranged in the most awkward manner. The gentlemen frequently delay securing partners till the ladies are ready to pass out; and often, a double row of the former may be seen outside the door, prepared to offer their services as the latter leave the house; who, meantime, are in painful anxiety as to whether they are to be favored with company home, or be allowed to run this gauntlet, and escape, to find their way alone, and unaided. Now the true way is this: The gentleman should, just before the close of the evening, and dispersion of the guests, (which he will always readily detect,) take an opportunity to enquire of some lady if she will allow him to accompany her home, or to this effect. If she has accepted a previous offer, she will say so, and the gentleman can seek another; if not, and she consents, she will withdraw to prepare. When ready, he will approach, and, after conducting her out, will offer his arm, or not, as circumstances may dictate.

STREET ETIQUETTE. On a narrow sidewalk, the gentleman should take the outside, next the ditch; and, on any change in position with regard to it, occurring, he should make a corresponding one, in order to remain on the outside. But, in a room, or on a wide side-walk, he should give the lady his right arm. On the side-walk, in passing, all people should turn to the right; thus, the gentlemen, when couples meet, will pass next each other, and the lady never come in contact with any pedestrian. The tides of travel setting in opposite directions, will thus occupy different portions of the walk.

When a lady meets a gentleman in the street, with whom she is acquainted, it is her privilege to recognize him, if she chooses, by a glance, and then his duty to bow first. If she sees him approaching, and does not choose to recognize him, he is to consider himself cut. It is her privilege thus to cut his acquaintance if she pleases.

TABLE ETIQUETTE. The etiquette of a family table is pretty generally understood. The host and hostess usually sit at opposite ends of the board, and preside. The rest are waited upon by these.

But many people go into families where no formality like this is practiced, but all help themselves. In such a family, fall to, with the rest; if you attempt formality, it will seem like a rebuke on the custom of the family; and if you delay while the rest work, you may get the worst of it.

At public tables—for instance in our best hotels—the waiting is performed by servants. You are not at liberty to ask your neighbor for anything. Nor is it in good taste to assume a dictatorial manner, in addressing the servant. Call for what you wish, in a quiet, gentlemanly manner; and it is entirely proper to requite the service with thanks.

If a lady be with you, you are to see her wants

supplied. She is not to express them to the servant, but to you. If you are with a party of friends, you are at liberty to assist each other, mutually.

If a lady be at a public table alone, she can attract the attention of the waiter by refraining from eating, or by a look or sign, and then indicate her wishes in a quiet manner.

If any person ask you for anything, however, it would not be courtesy to refuse handing it.

The *attitude* at table must be noticed. It should be easy, and the position not too near. Avoid haste; it is indecorous and unhealthful. At a family meal, endeavor to be agreeable, favor pleasant conversation; and a jest, if good, is in its proper place.

ETIQUETTE IN CONVERSATION. There is as much necessity for courtesy in your conversation as elsewhere. Your manner should be pleasing, and void of anything calculated to excite disagreeable sensations. If you wish, for the repetition of a statement, you can say what? or how? or ejaculate some sound which shall be not any word at all. But the proper way is to use a correct word, and use it politely; and, here, as in answering a question, do not be above adding the word "sir" if addressing a gentleman, or its correlative, if a lady.

I need hardly say that your language should be pure. All vulgar expletives, and cant contractions should be scrupulously avoided. Above all, everything that verges on profanity should be shunned as would any other indecency.

I have thus hastily, amidst many interruptions, attempted to sketch some of the most important rules which influence the conduct of well-bred people in associating with each other. I have in no way come up to the standard I had fixed for myself in giving the article a title. Still, I may have given some hints which will be of service to some people. If so, the labor is not in vain.

JACQUES.

SONGS OF HOPE.

BY REV. NELSON BROWN.

No. IV.

"Ne'er behind the shadows hide."

DARK despair! away, away!
Let the sun-light round thee play;
Man for gloom was ne'er designed,
Let us be of hopeful mind;
There are ills and storms and clouds,
Fell disease, and death and shrouds;
There are pains and cares and crosses,
Disappointments too and losses;
There are thorns amid the roses,
Gall 'mong sweets until life closes;
In life's trying, sharp ordeal,
There are borrowed ills and real;
Yet, O cease, cease all complaining,
For by Heaven's all-wise ordaining,
We a balance get of good,
If our minds are in the mood
To receive with thankful hearts,
All rich Heaven in love imparts.

Of our woes and griefs and sorrow,
Much with interest we borrow;
Look upon the sunny side,
Ne'er behind the shadows hide!—
Then despair, away, away!
Let the sun-light round us play;
Every trusting hopeful mind
In each ill, a good will find.

In our hearts let Hope have room,
Hope abiding 'mid the gloom;
Gloom! avaunt!—There is a way
Which will change each night to day,
Bring the sun-light to our view,
And with joy our souls renew;
Ope the very doors of Heaven
To our eyes from morn till even.

What will buy the promised bliss?
Would'st thou know?—'Tis only *this*:
Love, and help thy brother-man;
Do him all the good you can;
Hopeful e'er, that by and by,
We shall meet beyond the sky.
Ever then in Heaven confide
And ne'er behind the shadows hide!

EDEN VALE, Nov., 1849.

Select Miscellany.

TO NIGHT.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
Spirit of night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sigh'd for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turn'd to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmur'd like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, come!

"Shall we take a 'bus, up Broadway?" said a young New Yorker, who was showing his country cousin the wonders of that city.

"O, dear! no!" said the frightened girl; "I would not do that, in the street."—*Lynn News.*

"My dear," said an affectionate spouse to her husband, "am I not your only treasure?" "O yes," was the cool reply, "and I would willingly lay it up in heaven."

PADDY, THE TINKER.

AN IRISH STORY.

A VERY few years since, a poor family, residing in the suburbs of Omagh, in the county of Tyrone, attracted much notice. The adventure which caused it, found its way to the local journals; and the details as repeated, though varying in some points, agreed in the main circumstances of the story. A friend, who spent some time in the neighborhood, favored us with such particulars as he could gather, and which probably comprise the true version of the affair.

The Callaghans—who were a large family—lived in a cabin by the wayside at some distance from the town. People wondered how so many found room within its narrow walls; but they not only found room, but content and cheerfulness. And those who passed the door often heard the sound of pleasant voices and merry laughter, chiming in with the clatter of tins and the tinker's hammer; for it was the tinkering trade which gave support and occupation to those within. Those who were too young to be initiated into the mysteries of the craft, could at least wipe the dust from the pots and pans, and make them look bright and clean. The donkey, who drew these precious articles to distant parts of the neighborhood and to country fairs, was an object of respect and love to the whole family. His lodgings were in the far corner of the cabin—which was portioned off by a ledge of wood—where he was duly cared for by the elders of the family, and fondly caressed by the youngsters. As he passed along on the winding road of a fine sunny morning, the glittering of the tins might be seen as they flashed through the green hedges. Sometimes his master walked by the side of the little cart, encouraging the patient beast with familiar words. When a shawl for herself, a cap for Mick of Jack, or any article of dress for some member of the family, was to be got in exchange for a kittle or saucepan, Mrs. Callaghan took her husband's place; nor did she ever forget, in her mercantile transactions, to secure some tobacco for her good man. Paddy, their first born, and his mother's special darling, was sometimes deputed to attend the fairs; and Mrs. Callaghan declared that he made larger sales and better bargains than she or his father could. It was no wonder that Paddy got customers; for he was, as all the neighbors allowed, "a likely boy, and had a pleasant word for every one; and so much fun, that he'd make a cat laugh." Indeed, frolic and laughter were always to be had in his company. Besides his convivial talents, Paddy had a decided genius for tinkering; and his copies of some of his father's *chefs d'auvres* were so exact, that it was difficult to distinguish them from the originals.

It was not to be supposed that a person so endowed, and of such social propensities, should not join in such amusements as offered. It must be confessed that he, like many other gifted men, left many of his works unfinished, so often was he tempted beyond the domestic circle. He was a guest at all the dances and the weddings in the neighborhood; and there was not a girl of the party who did not wish to have Paddy for her partner, for if

he was merry at other times, he was almost out of his wits with spirits when dancing a jig.

It was one morning after he had returned from one of those merry meetings, that Paddy called his mother aside, and told her that he had offered himself to Nancy Maguire, and had been accepted. It was in a thoughtless moment that poor Paddy had proffered his heart and hand; but it must be confessed that his thoughtless moments were neither few nor far between; seeing that they generally continued from the time he opened his eyes in the morning till he closed them again at night.

The news was anything but pleasant to his mother, particularly as she found that Paddy was to leave her and set up for himself in Maguire's cabin, which was to be given up, rent free, to him and Nancy, by her father, who meant to settle a few miles farther on. Considering Paddy's great talents, and his high reputation for tinkering, Mrs. Callaghan looked on the whole affair as a take-in on the part of the Maguires. She thought, too, that the girl might go gadding about; but, after all, that would have made her the fitter for a tinker's wife.

Paddy only knew that she was pretty, and could dance a jig right well; and he hoped all the rest. He left his home with a sigh; for though it was but a mud cabin, he loved it dearly. His father resolved that he should have an equivalent for the cabin; so he bestowed on him a supply of sheet iron, and the necessary tools for working at his business.

He was soon settled in his new abode with his pretty little wife, and it was not his fault if they were not always good-humored and gay. Some folks, however, said that Nancy was better tempered at a wedding or a dance than she was at home; and others went so far as to say that she never gave Paddy an easy minute, but that *she was ever at him*. Nancy's friends told a different story, and said that if she thwarted and snubbed him, it was all out of good nature, and for his good.

Constant dropping—they say, wears the smoothest stone; and however it was, poor Paddy lost all his fine spirits, and his eyes, that used to be forever dancing in his head, looked dull and heavy, and instead of the *hop, skip and jump*, which had distinguished his gait, he now moved listlessly on, as if all was one to him where he went. It was said that he had, on two or three occasions, threatened to go away for good; but Nancy, let matters have been how they might, would have been sorry if he had parted in anger.

"What has come over our Paddy?" Mrs. Callaghan said to his father. "He's not the same boy he was—the half of him aint in it—and his cheeks, that were like the reddest roses I have ever seen, have no more color in them than the drivellin' snows—and no jokes and laughs any more. I'm afraid of my life that Nancy has a contrary temper; and he is one that never was come across since the day he was born—one that used to have his own way in anything he'd take into his head, from the first moment that he could use his little fists, and came to his natural speech."

"Maybe," replied her husband, "his sheet iron is out; but that needn't trouble the boy, for I'll share what I have with him."

One day, as Mrs. Callaghan was sitting on

the low stool by the fire, and the bellows with which she had been blowing it lying on her lap Paddy walked in, and passed by the children, who were standing about the door, without speaking. He went over to the fire, and drew the other stool, and sat down by his mother.

"Mother," said he, after a moment's silence, "I'm come to bid yees all good bye; for I can't put up with Nancy's tongue no longer—it's beyond the beyonds; she's all out too cantankerous; the very heart's scalded in me. So I think it better to go quiet and aisy at onst; and so I've listed with the party that's batin' up for recruits; and I'm come to lave my blessings with yees all, mother darlint—"

His poor mother burst into violent fits of crying, and Paddy's eyes, which had been full when he entered the room, overflowed, and the big tears rolled down his cheeks; the children all hung about him, and with sobs joined their entreaties to their mother's that he would not leave them.

But Paddy could not go back of his engagement, and go he must. It was a sorrowful parting to them all. He had never been longer from home than for a few days, when he happened to go with a cargo of tins too distant to admit of his return on the same day. On these occasions he was always missed, and his return eagerly watched for by the whole family; the children would be up and away at the first dawn of day to look for him from the point which commanded the most extensive view of the road. There would they remain, straining their eyes, till the donkey-car, with Paddy by its side, came in sight; then, with shouts, they would bound on to meet him. And now he was to go beyond the seas—perhaps to foreign parts, and might stay for years upon years; and if he did come back, he might find the green grass growing over those who would have been the most delighted to give him the *Cead mille failta*. It was thus the poor mother thought; but all couldn't keep him. He shared his bounty with his parents; but the money looked hateful in the eyes of his mother. A few days, and he was away with the party with whom he had enlisted. None grieved more after him than his wife; for she blamed herself, and thought that he would not have left her if she had not been too cross. She feared to call on his people, for she felt that they were angry with her, and so left the neighborhood without seeing them, and went to stay with her father. The cabin in which she and Paddy had lived, was soon inhabited by other inmates.

Paddy's mother fretted sorely after him—she was forever talking of him. She never wearied of telling of all the arch ways and 'cute remarks of his boyish days. The neighbors heard the stories so often, that they had them by heart. Every one observed, from this time, what a favorite little Jack was with his mother; he was like what Paddy had been, at his age, and was always by her side.

Paddy liked a soldier's life at first, when it was new to him; but its monotony after a time tired him. He felt as if one sight of the green fields, and the little mountain rill at home, would do him good. The very cabin, humble as it was, seemed to his fancy, in the distance, a very paradise. Vague longings

to return, it is said, at length formed themselves into regular plans; and in the third year of his service, we have heard, he did actually desert.

It would lead us into too great length were we to detail all that he suffered in his vain endeavors to reach home; all the harassing expedients to which he was driven to elude the police, who were on the look-out for deserters; and who, he had often reason to think, were on his track; the days of concealment, and the nights of watching, or, if slumber came, the troubled dreams, in which grim-visaged police and fiendish drum-majors were sure to present themselves in the most appalling attitudes.

To escape from this wretched state, he entreated the aid of an uncle, in whose house, in Clogher, he had sought refuge. His uncle applied to the Roman Catholic Bishop, who through the instrumentality of an officer very high in the army, to whom he had once rendered an essential service, effected all that was required, and Paddy was extricated from his perilous situation, on condition of his immediately returning to quarters. Arrived there, he must have thought himself very fortunate in being let off with a good scolding, and a few day's retirement in the black hole. To do him justice, after his probation he showed himself grateful for the lenity he had experienced; and by the strictest attention to his duty, proved how anxious he was to reinstate himself in the good opinion of his officers. After serving for another year, he got his discharge; and now he might go home with an easy conscience, and free from all anxiety.

He took a kind farewell of the comrades whom he had before left with so little ceremony. His excitement and hurry to reach home were very great; he took passage in the first vessel which he found bound for Ireland. Unfortunately, she was not sea-worthy, and he narrowly escaped being wrecked. They found much difficulty in reaching the port;—and poor Paddy was so worn out by his exertions in assisting at the pumps, that a little rest would have been necessary; but the moment he put his foot upon his native soil, his heart got up, and slinging his worldly goods, which were tied up in a blue and white handkerchief, on his stick, which he rested on his shoulder in musket fashion, he set out in double-quick time, singing and whistling snatches of songs for the first two or three miles, and thinking of the joy with which he would be greeted on his unexpected arrival, especially by his poor mother. But his limbs grew weary, and his hands and feet burned with heat, his head ached, and he was tormented with parching thirst.

He put up, on his way, for the night, at a little shebeen shop (so are the humble houses of entertainment designated); but he could partake of none of the good cheer spread before him; the smoking dish of potatoes, and the tempting rashers of bacon and fried eggs, utterly failing in provoking his appetite. The bed to which he retired was no resting-place to him, for he rose from it in the morning, guiltless of a slumber. The people of the house saw that he was ill; but he said the *air would do him good*. So he paid his reckoning for the dinner which he had not tasted, and for the bed in which he had not

slept, and pursued his way. He was indeed ill; and how he ever reached his uncle's house was wonderful.

The pleasure which his relations felt at seeing him come back his own master, was subdued when they saw how weak and ill he appeared. They, however, gave him a hearty welcome. He sat shivering and cowering over the fire, complaining of the cold, though his face was flushed, and his hand was burning.—He lay upon the bed, but sleep would not come; the headache and thirst increased.—His uncle and aunt whispered that it was *the sickness* which he had, (the term always used to express fever.)

They imparted their fears to him in the morning, spoke of their dread of infection, and proposed his removal to the hospital of the workhouse. Paddy acquiesced in the propriety of the measure; and he was accordingly brought there, and instantly put into bed, which, from the crowded state of the establishment, was shared with another fever patient. The fever ran high, and bad symptoms came on. On the eighth day, his case was pronounced to be hopeless; and, at his earnest request, a messenger was sent to tell his parents that he was in Clogher—ill, and in the hospital.

What would have been such joyful news to his family, who had no expectation of his coming back, was embittered by the account of his illness; but he was young, and had always been healthy; so they hoped he would soon be well, and be among them once more.

It was resolved that his father and his favorite sister, Peggy, should go to see him, and bring him back on the donkey-car, if he could be removed with safety. The poor mother stayed at home, to take care of the cabin and the children; she stayed at the door till the travelers were out of sight; she offered up an earnest prayer for Paddy's recovery and safe return with his father and sister.

The way seemed long to them, who burned with impatience to see him. At length they arrived at the house of their relations; the accounts of poor Paddy was most disheartening; he was so much worse, that his death was every moment expected. His father and sister gained admittance to the ward. He was ill indeed; and they wept bitterly when they looked at him. His eyes were directed towards the door; and, after a moment, he hid his face in the bed clothes, exclaiming:

"Why didn't mother come to see me?"

His father and Peggy cressed him, and wept over him; but still he would interrupt their fond words with,

"Why didn't mother come to see me?"

These were the last words they heard him speak, as they left the ward at the hour prescribed for visitors to take their leave. They were at the door at daybreak the next morning, when they learned, what they most dreaded to hear, that poor Paddy had died at 12 o'clock the night before. From the nature of the complaint—which made every precaution for the prevention of the spread of infection necessary—but a few hours had been allowed to pass till the remains were consigned to a coffin. The grief of the father and the girl affected those who witnessed it; and the earnest request, that they might be allowed to take poor Paddy's remains home to his own

burying-place, was complied with, and the coffin was placed in the donkey-car. Bitter were the tears which Callaghan shed as he adjusted it, and covered it with straw, that it might not shock the eyes of the poor woman at home, till the sad news was broken to her.

In the meantime she had cleaned up the cabin, and put everything in order. She made the bed as comfortable as she could for her darling, having fixed on the snuggest corner for his resting place; "for wake and weary my poor child will be," she said, as she made all her little arrangements. She had made some purchases for the jubilee which she was determined to have to welcome him. The tea and sugar, and the bread and butter, were all ready on the shelf for a refreshing repast. The sound of every distant car, and the bark of every dog, brought her to the cabin door.

At length, nearly at nightfall, she caught a glimpse of a car, and persons walking by its side. She called to the children within to blow up the fire, and to make a good blaze.—She soon ascertained that the travelers were her own people, but Paddy was not with them. She tried to comfort herself for the disappointment which she felt, by saying,

"It was better not to bring the dear creature so far, till he gathers a little strength;—and the night air, sure enough, might give him *could*. But it won't be long till he comes too; for sickness never lay heavy upon him."

When they reached the door, she perceived, by the face of her husband, that something was amiss; and when she looked at Peggy, she saw that her eyes were red, as if she had been crying. She feared to ask what was the matter; but the sad tale was soon told, and the coffin was laid upon a table, and the poor mother knelt by it, wringing her hands, and calling Paddy by the fondest epithets, and telling the poor lifeless clay how she loved him, and asking why he had parted from her. Her husband tried to calm her, but the words of comfort which he spoke fell coldly on her ear, and did not reach her heart. Paddy, wild and thoughtless as he had been, had always been the joy of that heart. It was agony to think she was never to see him again who had been the very light of her eyes! She asked for any message he might have sent—for every word that he had spoken. They repeated his last words, "Why didn't my mother come to see me?" They cut her to the very heart, and seemed as if they would for ever mar any hope of peace: for, while they spoke of his love, they told too plainly that he felt her neglect. O, how she accused herself for having let anything on earth detain her away from him at such a time! "Why didn't my mother come to see me?" seemed for ever to ring in her ears, and vibrate through her very heart—"Why didn't my mother come to see me?"

The remains were borne the next day to the quiet old churchyard about two miles off, and were followed by a great concourse of people: for all the neighbors wished to pay the last mark of respect to one who had been born and bred among them, and who had been so well liked; and as they walked along, many were the anecdotes of his good nature and pleasantry which were recounted. It was

with difficulty that the friends, who had lingered behind the rest, could prevail on the poor mother to leave the grave, on which she had thrown herself in wild agony. A few days more, and she might be seen about her usual occupations. The poor cannot afford to indulge their grief; but still, as they go about their business, it lies heavy at their heart; and though they cannot set apart for hours and days, and let their tears flow on without restraint, yet they find time in all their active hurry for passionate bursts of agony.

The poor mother might still often be seen wending her way, with her cargo of tins, to some neighboring fair or market. Many an object that she had been wont to pass heedlessly by, told stories of other days that wrung her heart. As she passed the rich pastures, and heard the tinkling of sheep-bells, she remembered how often Paddy, who was ever at her side when a child, would make her stop, that he might dance to their merry chime. The very primroses, glinting out on the green banks seemed too beautiful and sweet, now that Paddy, who loved to gather them when a boy, was gone. The little birds chirping and hopping gaily among the green branches, seemed, as it were, too happy without him, who was wont to seek out their nests and attend to the young brood. She would sometimes stop on her way and let the donkey feed by the road-side, while she sat near the hedge to think of Paddy; and she would clasp her hands and utter vehement cries and exclaim, "Why didn't my mother come to see me?" Strangers who went along thought she was some poor demented creature, and passed on the other side. The neighbors knew it was grief that ailed her, and pitied her the more because they thought she was crazed. As she sat thus one day, she might have heard the step of one close by, if she had heeded anything. A trembling hand was laid upon her shoulder, and in a tone, low almost as a whisper, Nancy, Paddy's wife, said, "Won't you turn around? Won't you give me one kiss?" She did turn around, but it was to give an angry look, for she blamed her for his having gone away. The poor girl said no more; but gathering the end of the mother's cloak in her hand, she kissed it passionately, and went on her way. After a moment the unhappy woman thought she had been too harsh, and she called after her, but Nancy had hurried on, and was already far out of hearing, and this, too, weighed upon her heart; and so months passed on.

One evening when she had returned late from market she sat down to reckon her gains. She was weary after her long day's journey, but she did not neglect to see that the poor *dumb baste* was comfortable. He was in his own corner of the cabin and the children were busy about him. The dusk of the evening had come on, and the blaze from the turf-fire was not strong, and so the cabin was rather dark and gloomy. The latch of the door was raised, and those within thought it was by the good man of the house, who was expected home about that hour, but it was a stranger who entered. He said nothing, but went over to the fire, drew a stool and sat down, and having taken a pipe from his waistcoat pocket, lit it, and applied himself intently to smoke. Mrs. Callaghan concluded that he meant to pass the night there, as it was usual for way-

farers at nightfall to turn into the cabins by the wayside to seek a night's lodging. The required hospitality is seldom refused, except in cases of sickness within, or too many in the family to admit of room for another. The latter being the case in Callaghan's cabin, his wife told the unbidden guest that she would give him a night's lodging and welcome if there was room; but added, as she pointed to the group of children, that there were too many, and advised the traveler to push on to the next house, which was not far, and where there was plenty of room. As he made no reply, she concluded that he had not heard her, and repeated what she had said. After a dense whiff from his pipe, he merely said he was very well where he was, and did not intend to go farther, and then resumed his smoking with increased energy. The unwilling hostess felt a little alarmed, lest he should be one of those bad characters who sometimes intruded into houses with a design of robbing the inmates. She wished most anxiously for Callaghan's return, as she did not know how to act by a person who appeared determined to have his own way. The children looked frightened, and stood motionless, observing the intruder; little Mary, summoning up her courage, came from among them, and went to the obscure corner where he sat, that she might take an accurate survey of his features; when she got close to him, and looked up in his face, she called out, "Mammy, it is our own Paddy!"

The poor woman rushed over, took one look, and fell to the floor in a state of insensibility. The children raised her, but she had not quite come to herself when her husband entered; the children ran to him, exclaiming, "That's our Paddy!" as they pointed to the man, who went on smoking at the fire.

Callaghan looked at the man and ran in terror for protection behind the donkey.—"Don't go nigh it, childer—it's a speret, don't go nigh it." Then turning to the donkey, he inquired of him, "Wasn't it you that brought home our Paddy from Clogher hospital?—Wasn't it yourself that drew the cart with his coffin and himself in it all the ways? Hadn't we a wake, though he was shut in it? Didn't we lay out every pinny we had to buy candles, and pipes, and tobacco, and all that was requisite? And didn't all the neighbors come? And didn't they have a pleasant night? And didn't they all go to the funeral? And didn't we lave him with his own people that had been there for these hundreds of years? And what is it, thin, that can make his speret unaisy?"

The donkey denied nothing that his master asserted, but was, perhaps, unable to answer the last query, as he still remained silent.

"O, Paddy, darlint!" exclaimed Mrs. Callaghan, "what is it that disturbs you out of your grave? Is it more masses you want for the repose of your poor sowl? Sure if it is, you have only to spake the word? and if every screed in the house was to go to the pawn-office, it shall be done."

Taking the pipe deliberately out of his mouth, the man of spirit rose, and came forward into the middle of the room, and waving his hand, said, "I am Paddy, Paddy sure enough! and though I've made my ways to yees, it's only to tell yees all my mind, and to

go away for good and all; for I don't feel mighty well plaised with any of yees. Mother, you never came nigh me at all, though you heard I was so bad in the hospital, and that the doctors had given me up. Why didn't you come to see me? Father, you and Peggy seen me dyin' in my bed, and left me there, and never asked for a sight of me again. You wouldn't have sarved a dog so. There was I left, and the comrade that was in the bed with me died by my side, that very night you seen me. He was put in his coffin, and his friends came next mornin' and took him away. I suppose yees all thought I was dead and thrown out upon some dunghill, and that you had fairly got shot of me for the rest of your days. But you see I've come back to tell you my mind, and to say to yees all that I never will darken your doors again after your unkind treatment. But I leave yees my blessing!"

Paddy would have gone out, but they all clung to him. Everything was soon cleared up by the explanation which took place. Paddy's father had brought home the remains of the poor man who had died, and who had been supposed by the nurses to have been his son. He had been wept over and waked by strangers, attended to the grave by those who had never seen him, and laid with those with whom he had never claimed kindred or friendship.

Paddy and his mother were in each other's arms crying for joy. His father was by his side, and children gathered round him, laughing and crying by turns. An hour had scarcely passed, when Nancy, who had been on her way home with some purchases for her father and mother, heard the strange report, and rushed into the cabin in breathless haste. Paddy's arms and heart were open to receive her, and she wept for a moment in silence on his bosom; then looking up in his face, she said, "I have got you back, Paddy, and you will never leave me again; never will a cross or contrary word pass my lips any more."

"And as for myself," said Paddy, "I was all out too careless and too fond of rovin', but I have more sinse now, and now that I'm back with yees all again, I'll never lave you while the breath's in me."

No friends ever came to look after the man who had been buried in Paddy's stead.

"Well, let him stay where he is, the poor, lonely stranger," said Mrs. Callaghan, "for never again will I be the one to turn out livin' or dead. Wasn't I near turnin' out our darlint Paddy from his own home the night he came back to make us all so happy?"—*Chamber's Journal.*

No American Copyright in England.

By a recent decision in the English Court of Exchequer, in the case of Boosey vs. Purday, it appears that no foreigner can enjoy a copyright for his work in Great Britain, except through a mutual international arrangement between the two countries. Thus it appears that no American can hereafter legally receive one shilling for his works from their republication in England.

A mason tried the other day to purchase a hen that would lay brick.

Where the world rebuketh, there look thou for the excellent.

ABOUT EGYPT.

From "Notes of a Voyage up the Nile," published with Dr. Hawkes' "Egypt and its Monuments."

DR. ABBOTT'S MUSEUM.

This is one of the great curiosities of Cairo. Lepsius has said that the museum is worth £7000. His price is £10,000.

Among the many objects of interest is the necklace bearing on several of the links the cartouche of Menes of the first dynasty, "who walks with Amon," a seal ring of gold, with a broad face, on which in most exquisite engraving is the cartouche of Souphis or Cheops of the fourth dynasty. An iron breastplate and chain, much covered with rust, has the name of *Shishak* or Sheshonk, who vanquished Jeroboam. Some of his curiosities, a lizard in metal, and some sculptures in limestone, are the most beautiful I have ever seen. His mummied bulls and human mummies, his rings and thousand cartouches, are antiquities of several dynasties. His mummied cats, and particularly his papyri, are very perfect. There is one containing a ritual, which is very valuable. Numerous *steles* or tablets of the times of the shepherd kings, &c., are full of historical interest.

ROYAL TOMBS.

The tombs of the Memlook kings to the south of old Cairo and toward the Arabian desert in the east, are an interesting necropolis. Familiar as I was with Mohammedan cemeteries in Constantinople, Scutari and Pera, the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus, I could not but compare the beauty of those upon which "Anastasius" so poetically dwells, with this forest of turbaned-headed tombstones in the skirts of the lonely desert. Here are the interesting tombs of the Memlook kings in a walled court, covered with flowered ornaments of brilliant colors and Arabic inscriptions. But the finest specimens of arabesque I saw in the tombs of the Pachas: those of Mohammed Ali's family, his wives and sons, particularly that of the lamented and promising Tauson, so spoken of by travelers, were the finest. It is a beautiful thought of orientalism, to place perpetual flowers on the dwellings of the dead. Here was the tomb of *Ibrahim* covered with a green shroud, for it was not yet completed. Some of the family were here, and many real flowers lay scattered about, and wreaths on the headstones. What a prolific progenitor Mohammed Ali has been! he may well vie with Methusaleh, and the other patriarchs, or with Solomon. A large mosque is filled with the tombs of his family, and I should judge that thirty were those of his sons and daughters, his sons' wives, and grandsons and granddaughters.

WOMEN IN EGYPT.

My remarks on this subject are few and far between. I love women—but I never found them in the East. I found only the old, withered hag of the harem, who is every where to be seen in the streets; and occasionally caught glimpses of the pretty *Odalisque*, whose face was never to be seen unless enveloped in the *yashmak*. To him who lives in his imagination and in the past, as he who goes to Egypt must, for the time, women are a nonentity.—Woman—woman with soul, that other part of man—she is never to be seen in the beautiful East, unless by chance an English lady travel-

er strays there, or one from our own bright land.

True the Pachas have toys—the Beys, the Turks, all have toys; they dress them in silks, in rare tissues; they feed them with sweetmeats; and the fatter they are, the more they prize them. They have, and so have we, dogs whom we treat thus; we have canaries whom we cage; and these are your women in the East.

But, in Egypt, women are not all toys, to be caged and fed on sweetmeats, and thought of as one thinks of petted Canaries, as will be seen in the following account of Deftardar Bey's Daughter.

Deftardar Bey; that pious member of the Geographical Society of Paris, and his daughter. Among the many stories told of the ferocity of this wild beast in human shape, not the least interesting are those of the tamed tigers he kept on the divan beside him, and which frequently amused themselves in devouring his Nubian slaves. His daughter lived upon the west side of the river in her palace, and it was her common amusement to walk through the streets of Cairo, and if she saw a young Frank who attracted her attention, she would send her eunuch, to bid him follow her. Were he unfortunate enough to do this, he never returned from her house.—One young Frenchman, upon whom she thus cast her eyes, was thus bidden by a eunuch, and not daring to disobey the summons from such a powerful person, took the precaution of arming himself with pistols. After passing the night in her harem, in the morning she parted with him most affectionately, and giving him presents to disguise her intentions, as she had doubtless done frequently to her previous lovers, he left the harem, and two of the eunuchs accompanied him to the top of some stairs, which he perceived led rather mysteriously down a dark passage. Suspecting foul play, and observing both of the eunuchs had their hands on their sword-hilts, he pulled out both pistols, and ordered them to lead the way. This they did, and on arriving about half way down, he perceived a sort of landing-place, or trap-door, which was raised, and below ran the river. Here the eunuchs paused, and drew their swords; but he cocked his pistols, and placing one to the ear of each, ordered them to proceed. Upon reaching the bottom, he leaped from the steps, while they ran back to get assistance. He was unable to cross the river, and, as it was scarce day-light, succeeded in getting into the outskirts, and concealed himself in the straw in an old hut of a ruined village about a mile up the river. He heard the voices of several of the black eunuchs, who had traced him through the village by the barking dogs, but remained quiet till night, when, proceeding further up the river, he crossed there in a boat; and going to the Mokaattam mountains, arrived at Cairo on the other side next day, having not dared to enter a village for food. He went immediately to the French Consul, and told his story; but what would his protection have been to one who had the character and secret of the daughter of Deftardar Bey in his hands? and any "dog of a Christian" would be easily disposed of. So, upon the advice of the Consul, he left Cairo, and went to Alexandria, where he took passage for France. The disappearance of many young and handsome Franks, more

adventurous than prudent, was thus accounted for; and this was the last instance known of one who had been in danger of being sacrificed to gratify the passion of this Egyptian "Lucrezia Borgia." Franks in Egypt were not protected as now, and the despotic and ferocious will of the daughters and sisters of the Beys and Pachas, particularly under the Mamelooks, caused many a parallel circumstance.

GOING INTO MOURNING;

OR, A HUSBAND'S FRIGHT.

A few weeks ago, our friend Clark was lying sick with the bilious fever. The attack was severe, and he believed death was near. One morning he awoke from a short sleep to hear a hurried and smothered conversation in the adjoining room, in which his wife took part. The first words that Clark caught were uttered by his better half:—

"On that ground," said she, "I object to mourning!"

"Yes," replied another, "but the world looks for it—it is fashionable, and one might as well be out of the world as to be out of the fashion."

"Very true."

"Here," thought Clark, "is a nice wife.—She thinks I am about to die—to be planted, if I may use the expression, in the cold earth, and yet she refuses to go into mourning for me. Ah, me!"

"Now that I am here, perhaps I had better take your measure."

"The unfeeling wretch!" exclaimed Clark, "to think of sending for a dressmaker before I am dead!" "I'll live for spite!"

"Well," mused the wife, "I believe you may measure me. I will let you buy the trimming, and let it be as gay as possible."

"What heartlessness!" groaned Clark; "Woman-like though. One husband is no sooner dead, than they set about entrapping another. I can't scarcely credit it."

"Of course you will have a flounce!"

"Two of them, and as the body is to be plain, I wish you to get the wide gimp to trim it."

"How will you have the sleeves trimmed?"

"With buttons and fringe."

"Well—well—this beats all," sighed poor Clark.

"When do you want the dress?" inquired the mantua-maker.

"I must have it in three days. My husband will then be off my hands, and I shall be able to go out!"

"Oh! horrible—horrible," ejaculated the sick man, "I am only half dead, but this blow will kill me."

His wife heard him speak, and flew quickly to his bedside.

"Did you speak, my dear," said she, with the voice of an angel.

"I have heard it all, madam," replied Clark. "The mourning—gay dresses—fringe—everything. O! Maria—Maria!"

"You rave!"

"Do you take me for a fool?"

"Certainly not, my dear."

"You expect me to be out of the way in three days."

"Yes, love, the doctor said you would be well in that time."

"What means the dress?"

"It is the one you bought for me before you were taken sick."

"But you were speaking of mourning?"

"We were talking of Mrs. Taperly."

"O, that is it?"

"Yes, love. You know she is poor, and the family is large, and it must inconvenience her to find mourning for them all. On this ground alone, I oppose it."

"So—so that's it, is it? I thought you were speaking of me, and it distressed me.—Let me beg you to be more careful for the future."

Clark was out in three days, and he now laughs at the matter, which then appeared so horrible.

A Sound Bank.

When, about a year ago, the Susquehanna Bank got into bad odor for not redeeming its notes in New-York, one or two papers in the interior proclaimed it to be a "sound bank." It turns out that their assertion was true; it is a very sound bank—all sound!

The Spurious Byron.

The London correspondent of the National Intelligencer, writes:—

The Examiner notices the Major George Gordon, who has issued proposals at New-York for publishing all the secret correspondence of "his noble father," and says "this is the notorious person so lately exposed in a similar trick attempted at London."

Phosphorency of the Diamond.

The diamond phosphorescent by exposure to the sun, loses its phosphorescence rapidly when exposed to the red rays; and, on the contrary, in the blue rays, it becomes more luminous in the dark.

Alum is the great secret of the fire kings, for when reduced with common salt to an impalpable powder, several coats of it, mixed with spirits of wine, spread upon the hand will enable one to grasp a red hot iron without inconvenience.

Taylor, in his description of Greece, says: "Sardinia is free from all kinds of poisonous and deadly herbs excepting one herb, which resembles parsley, and which, they say, causes those who eat it to die laughing." Homer first, and others after him, call laughter, which conceals some noxious design, Sardonian.

In popping the question, young men should be careful to convince the fair maid that they are not in fun. Girls do not like such fun.

If we float over the surface of society with perpetual sunshine and favoring airs, how can we sound the shoals and gulf which lie below?

As gold which he cannot spend will make no man rich, so knowledge which he cannot apply will make no man wise.

HARD TIMES.—The young ladies down east complain that the gentlemen are so poor they can't pay their addresses.

Truth is the object of philosophy.

"Powell's Authors of England,"

A work recently issued by the Appletons, is full of entertaining anecdotes concerning the living authors whose writings have given us an interest in their persons and affairs.—We quote a few brief passages:

"Mr. Carlyle has resided many years in the vicinity of London. His house is situated in the far-famed Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and looks immediately on the Thames. There, with his amiable wife, he has set up his tent, seldom visiting, but always glad to have a friend or so at his table.

"His conversation is the most peculiar of any man of the day. This affords us an opportunity of glancing at the colloquial peculiarities of the greatest intellects of England.—Carlyle is undoubtedly the strongest and most suggestive—now profoundly jocose, or jocosely profound. This minute putting an old thing or fact into a new light and dragging it from the obscurity of conventional hypocrisy, dusting the cobwebs off, and holding it up at once a fresh object, with a dawning sun upon it; now he startles you by shaking some drowsy old custom by the shoulders, and as he perceives it waking up in a state of astonishment, he completes the effect by bursting into a fit of good hearty Saxon laughter. All this is thrown off in a strong, abrupt manner with Homeric compound words, provoking new combination of thoughts. Add to this an utterance unmistakably Scotch. He has a rare manner of yoking the dissimilar together and making them do good service in the double sense of co-operation and contrast.—They seem to pull different ways, and yet the Juggernaut ear of his demonstration proceeds crushing beneath the wheels of his Scotch dialect a host of crawling reptile superstitions and conventional 'shams.'

"Next to Carlyle, Leigh Hunt is probably the most interesting conversationist—but he wants his suggestive power; infinitely more amusing, he lacks the faculty of chaining the attention of his auditors. It is a perpetual flow of mental champagne, sparkling with anecdotes, refined witticisms, repartees, the peculiarities of celebrated men, celebrated streets, celebrated houses, celebrated mountains, celebrated mice; in short, it is a brilliant group of heterogeneous recollections presided over by a genial appreciation—just as an assemblage of remarkable men are gathered together by a generous host whose tact enables him to extract the utmost possible amount of individuality out of them. We have now an anecdote of Byron—then of Shelby—illustrated by some well known passages in their works, the origin of which is developed—all this lively stream is given in a peculiar crisp voice which makes the *"tout ensemble"* perfect. Dickens, on the other hand, depends more upon occasional shrewd observations, lightened by a ludicrous story; in addition to this, the author of *Picwick* is a ready listener.

"When Talfourd is excited, his conversation is very interesting, but it is too egotistical to be generally popular—still his admirable law stories, though somewhat too frequently told, are highly interesting, and show the man of great social talent.

"We may as well mention here that Leigh Hunt and Horne are also tasteful musicians, and sing with considerable taste and effect.

"It was a curious study to glance round the

room, and let the eye rest upon each of these original men: Dickens, gaily dressed, actively engaged in either listening or talking, and doing both with an apparent interest so flattering to his antagonist—his large, dark, restless eyes roaming round the room for 'future scenes'—his well made boots, shining like Luna, and then ever and anon the contracted eyebrow and the long hair thrown with a curious shake over the collar of his coat—a lady once said she saw he was the lion of the evening by his mane. While you are looking at him, you hear a pleasant, hearty laugh from Leigh Hunt, who has made some cheerful pun, which he enjoys as much as though it had been said by another—there he sits with an imaginary washing of his hands, which no doubt he learnt from Mrs. Siddons in the famous scene from *Macbeth*.

"His lazel eye still retains the fire of youth, his manners their vivacity, and his youthfulness of spirit contrasts with the long grey hair parted on his forehead, and hanging down his shoulders—for literary men, like Samson, seem to think that their strength resides in their unshorn locks. Leigh Hunt resembles one of the old noblesse dressed in black, his coat generally buttoned to the chin, his tall, spare figure, his urbanity of manners—all make up the look of a noticeable man.

Indian Jugglers.

One of the men, taking a large earthen vessel, with a capacious mouth, filled it with water, and turned it upside down, when all the water flowed out; but the moment it was placed with the mouth upwards it became full. He then emptied it, allowing any one to inspect it who chose. This being done, he desired that one of the party would fill it; his request was obeyed; still, when he reversed the jar, not a drop of water flowed—and upon turning it, to our astonishment, it was empty! I examined the jar carefully when empty, but detected nothing which could lead to a discovery of the mystery. I was allowed to retain and fill it myself; still, upon taking it up, all was void within, yet the ground around it was perfectly dry, so that how the water had disappeared, and where it had been conveyed, were problems which none of us were able to expound. The vessel employed by the jugglers on this occasion was the common earthenware of the country, very roughly made; and, in order to convince us that it had not been especially constructed for the purpose of aiding his clever deceptions, he permitted it to be broken in our presence; the fragments were then handed round for the inspection of his highness and the party present with him.

The next thing that engaged our attention, was a feat of dexterity altogether astonishing. A woman, the upper part of whose body was entirely uncovered, presented herself to our notice, and taking a bamboo twenty feet high, placed it upright on a flat stone, and then, without any support, climbed on the top of it with surprising activity. Having done this, she stood upon one leg on the point of the bamboo, balancing it all the while. Round her waist she had a girdle, to which was fixed an iron socket; springing from her upright position on the bamboo, she threw herself horizontally forward with such exact precision

that the top of the pole entered the socket of the iron zone, and in this position she spun herself round with a velocity that made me giddy to look at—the bamboo all the while appearing as if it were supported by some supernatural agency. She turned her legs backwards, till the heels touched the shoulders, and grasping the ankles in her hands, continued her rotations so rapidly, that the outline of her body was entirely lost to the eye, and she looked like a revolving ball. Having performed several other feats equally extraordinary, she slid down the elastic shaft, and, raising it in the air, balanced it upon her chin, then upon her nose, and finally projected it a distance from her, without the application of her hands. She was an elderly woman, and by no means prepossessing in her person, which, I conclude, was the reason that the rajah, though he applauded her dexterity, did not give her a proof of his liberality. We, however, threw her a few rupees, with which she appeared perfectly satisfied.—*The Oriental Annual*.

Circassia.

Circassia is a mountainous, but very fine and beautiful country, bordering upon the Black Sea at its Eastern extremity. It is also contiguous to the Russian Territory lying toward this extremity of the Euxine, and interposes its lofty mountains and fertile valleys between the clutch of Russia and those more level and less wild countries toward the Euphrates and the Tigris. It is the aim of this ambitious power Russia, to become possessed if it can, of all the realms contiguous to the Black Sea, on all sides. On one side "the Wolf" has already laid his paws on the Danubian Provinces, Moldavia, Bulgaria, Wallachia, and is, on this side, therefore, fast advancing on Constantinople. But before it can enslave the tracts lying on the southern coast of the Sea, it must subdue and pass the fine people who hold Circassia—a race, in physical requisites, the finest specimens of men now to be found on this globe, and of courage and activity unsurpassable. Against these noble but unoffending people the Muscovite serfs have now, for many years, been carrying on, cruelly, bloody, but fruitless wars. No quarter is given; and the amount of lives lost is not known, excepting that generally, it is very great. It is believed that, taking battle, sickness, fatigue, altogether into account, not less than 200,000 Russian serfs have left their bones among the wild passes, and this without gaining any ground that is tenable.—The Czar, in furtherance of this murderous conflict, tries to stop all access by sea to Circassia.

The following Epigram was translated by John Quincy Adams, from the French. It was addressed to a lady, who had closed a letter to the author, by saying she sent him a kiss:

You send me, lady, by the mail,
A joyless, cheerless kiss—
But how can *such* a kiss avail
To touch my lip with bliss?
I, to all favors such as these,
Stone-cold shall ever be—
That fruit has nought, my taste to please—
Save—gathered from the tree.

THE LITERARY UNION.

SYRACUSE:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1849.

A stout heart, a clear conscience, and never despair!

BUSINESS NOTICES.

F. A. LOOMIS

Has become connected with the LITERARY UNION, with full powers to transact business.

Local Agents.

N. Y. CITY, *Dexter & Brother*.
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F. B. Palmer; offices in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore.

Back Numbers.

Files of Vol. I. can still be obtained. As an inducement to new subscribers, the volume complete will be furnished such at fifty cents;—just half price. Those who prefer, can obtain it of us, beautifully bound, for \$1.25; or in good plain binding, for \$1.00.

Attention is invited to the very liberal terms to Clubs in our Prospectus.

To Teachers & Trustees.

The Editors of this paper propose to act as gratuitous agents in procuring situations for Teachers and Teachers for situations. They will also furnish plans for school houses to those intending to build.

CANADA ANNEXATION.

The efforts to advance this object have not ceased, nor do they seem likely to cease, notwithstanding the disfavor in which they are evidently held by a large portion of the inhabitants of Canada as well as of England. The annexation cry, though sudden and apparently unexpected, cannot have originated in any recent cause of dissatisfaction; on the contrary, the political disadvantages under which the citizens of British North America labor, have existed ever since the establishment of our own independence. It is true this disparity has been continually on the increase, and must still increase so long as Canadian commerce and Canadian legislation remain subject to foreign control.

The British League during its recent session, passed resolutions condemnatory of the new movement; but the League has lost many of its formerly most powerful supporters, who have enlisted in the cause of annexation. In Toronto, where the government opposition is principally felt, it is thought by the annexationists that in their ranks are numbered a full half of the population, though the feeling has to a great degree been inactive. This inactivity may be accounted for by the fact that many of the old aristocracy, whose wealth gives them a greater influence under the present state of things fear any change which may hazard their supremacy.

In the country around, the desire for annexation is increasing, and many of the Members are questioned in regard to their views upon this subject. At Kingston and Quebec, the party is steadily augmenting, although many of the inhabitants of the last-named city have not forgotten the prestige of a provincial Parliament and vice-regal pomp.

If the report be true, that Lord Elgin has offered the Jesuits estates to the Catholic Bishops, upon condition that the Church shall lend her aid to crush the movement, its tendency must be far other than is contemplated in the proposal; such means do not usually secure such ends. The general interests of a state cannot long be set aside, by a venal price to the cupidity of a fractional portion of that state. More especially is this true, when, as in the present instance, the conflicting elements

of religions are involved, by a partiality that has no other object than an obvious political policy.

Still, it is vain to hope that the British Government will quietly consent at the present time, to the alienation of Canada from its dominions, when that alienation involves its connexion with the American Union. The lust of territory and of sway, which exhibits itself in the continual extension of her provincial power, with the natural jealousy she feels of a growing rival in her commercial prosperity, will tighten the grasp that retains one fragment of her possessions, and withholds from that rival one accelerating element. That this is a correct view of the subject, is proved by the recent advices from England, which evince an anxious interest in circles which may be considered as representatives of British policy.

THINGS SAID AND DONE.

The immense library of the celebrated poet and critic, **LUDWIG TIECK**, is to be sold in Berlin on the 15th of December, by Messrs. A. Asher & Co.—Tieck was born in 1773, and studied at Halle and Göttingen. He was intimate with Novalis, the Schlegels and Herder. He translated Don Quixote, and produced the most perfect, as well as the most beautiful of the German renderings of the immortal Cervantes; he translated our own Shakespeare with a learned commentary which has become a standard source of consultation, not only for the German but even for the English Shaksperian student. Besides these he was the author of many romances and aesthetic works. Tieck died, we think, in '46, and since that time his library has been preserved in his native city, Berlin, in the same state in which the distinguished owner's death left it. It is a careful and select collection, in five languages, accomplished by the labor of forty years. Many of the books are enriched with *marginalia*, by Tieck himself; many are gifts from their authors. Messrs. Bartlett and Welford, Astor House, are the agents of the Berlin house, from whom catalogues may be obtained.

—**Geo. R. GLIDDON**, formerly charge to the Court of the Pacha of Egypt, is in New York concluding his preparatory arrangements before commencing a series of lectures upon the languages and antiquities of Egypt. He has secured for the exhibition of his Egyptian Panorama, the hall lately occupied by the Chinese Museum. Mr. Gliddon's long residence in the land of Sesostris, and his extensive and thorough acquaintance with the old or hieroglyphical languages as well as with the modern vernacular, renders him peculiarly qualified for the exposition of the wonders of Cleopatra's kingdom. This will be the second course upon this subject which Mr. G. has delivered in the metropolis.

—The **LITERARY WORLD** says that the Greek Slave of **HIRAM POWERS** is to be permanently placed in the gallery of the Smithsonian Institute. The countrymen of the distinguished sculptor will be glad to learn that instead of going where too much of American art has hitherto gone—to enrich the halls of the British noble and merchant prince—one at least of the finest developments of American genius will be located in our federal metropolis. Powers has written to Hon. Edward Everett that his statue of Calhoun, his first attempt at draped work, upon which he has been engaged three or four years is nearly ready to leave the studio.

—A pleasant reciprocity has been established between the International Art-Union of New York and the Western Art-Union located at Cincinnati. Two paintings sent to the Queen City of the west

by the managers of the former Institution are placed on exhibition at the gallery of the latter. The International reciprocates by publishing the plan of the Cincinnati Society accompanied by a complimentary and well timed notice.

—Many works are announced for publication during the present and the succeeding month by the publishing firms of Boston, which will create a deep interest and unusual activity in literary circles. Among them is a new work by Longfellow, *The Sea-Side and the Fire-side*; a collection of Lowell's Poems; of Giles' Lectures; and of Sumner's Addresses—all these by Ticknor, Reed and Fields, who also issue the present week a *recueil* of the tales and sketches of Grace Greenwood (Miss Clarke). Phillips, Samson & Co. announce a new work by the author of 'Margaret,' the Rev. Mr. Judd to be styled **PHILO; AN EVANGELIAD; a tale of the Real and Ideal**—and a new work by Emerson, *Representative Men*.

Association.

In New York there are Building Associations which furnish money to such of the members as are desirous of purchasing residences, and repaying the amount advanced with the money they now pay for rent. It is said that many of the poorer classes are availing themselves of this excellent opportunity to secure themselves permanent homes.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Two Irishmen.

Have been found drowned in the canal, in this city, since our last issue. The verdict of the Coroner's inquest held over one of them, **Michael Wood**, was, 'That he came to his death by drowning, while in a state of intoxication.' The other, **McMahan**, was supposed to be the victim of foul play.

The Bank of Ithaca.

Whose charter will expire in January, we understand is to be re-organized in this city, under the new Banking Law.

A Book Sale.

Is announced by the *Daily Journal*, to commence soon, at Holmes' Auction Room.

The Burglars.

Entered the house of Mr. Z. CHAPMAN on Monday night; after proceeding to Mr. CHAPMAN's sleeping room, and securing his pocket-book, they passed through the adjoining apartments and out of the pantry window. Several other houses were entered the same night, and some plunder taken. The Police have the matter in consideration.

The Police.

Have also arrested several individuals, male and female; one of whom it seems was the Captain of the canal boat **Marquis**, of Waterford, upon the charge of purloining large quantities of goods that were being transported west, on that boat.

One of the individuals, calling himself **SIMON KENO**, was detected by officer **HURST**, perambulating the city with calicoes, cigars, &c., and selling them at suspiciously low prices. This justified his arrest and examination, which elicited developments of such a character as to induce the Police to follow Capt. **PHILPS** and his wife to La Fayette, whither they had previously gone on a visit to her friends. There they found a variety of dry goods and groceries, evidently stolen. It is supposed the goods are the property of a merchant in Michigan.

A New Park.

Comprising three acres of ground, is to be laid out in the center of the Mill Pond tract. This will furnish a desirable promenade for our citizens.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

An adjourned meeting of the citizens was held at the City Hall on Thursday evening, the 22nd inst., for the purpose of establishing an Association for Mutual Improvement, &c.

The meeting was called to order by J. B. Balch, Chairman of the previous meeting, and, on his request, that some other person might be called to preside in his place—Hon. HARVEY BALDWIN, was chosen Chairman, and, on motion, S. CORNING JUDD was appointed an additional Secretary.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The Chairman stated that the report of the Committee on a plan of organization was first in order, whereupon J. L. Newcomb, Esq., from the committee, reported a Constitution for the Association, the first two articles of which, naming and declaring the objects of the Association, are as follows:

ARTICLE 1.

'Sec. 1. The Association shall be named and styled, Franklin Institute, of Syracuse.'

ARTICLE 2.

'1. The objects of this Association shall be to establish and maintain a *Reading Room, Library, Museum, Model Room, Literary and Scientific Lectures, Debating Society*, and other means of promoting moral and intellectual improvement.'

On motion of Alderman Westcott, it was *Resolved*, That the proposed Constitution be taken up and acted upon by sections.

It was taken up accordingly, and thoroughly discussed section by section, by Rev. Henry Gregory, D. D.; Hon. D. Pratt, Rev. Messrs. W. B. Ashley, S. J. May, W. W. Newell, Docts. H. P. Coon, A. Westcott, J. Foran, Messrs. E. Robbins, Alfred Cobb, S. D. Dillaye, and others.

The Constitution was adopted, as reported, with the exception of a slight alteration in the language of a clause in one section.

On motion, the Committee on *Library Investigation*, were discharged, and a new Committee for the same purpose, appointed, consisting of Messrs. J. A. Clark, D. Pratt, and A. Westcott.

It was, on motion,

Resolved, That the following gentlemen be appointed a Committee to obtain members for the Association: Messrs. A. Westcott, E. Robinson, G. W. Hericks, Docts. H. P. Coon, R. F. Stevens, J. Foran, Messrs. J. A. Clark, J. Baker, A. C. Powell, A. Cobb, I. Glynn, Rev. Messrs. May, Ashley, Raymond, Pinney, Messrs. C. Pope, Chas. A. Wheaton, W. W. Willard, C. F. Williston, R. R. Phelps, J. McCarthy, M. Lynch, Thos. Feagan, Silas Titus.

Adjourned, to meet on the first Thursday of December next, at the City Hall, at 7 o'clock P. M., for the election of officers and for transaction of such business as shall come before the Association.

H. BALDWIN, *Chairman*.

S. CORNING JUDD, }
H. L. DINMORE, } *Secretaries*.

—We are glad to learn that the INSTITUTE is in progress towards a speedy and thorough organization. If established upon a right basis, and we doubt not it will be, judging from the public spirit already manifested by the gentlemen engaged in it, its influence must be felt farther than among those directly concerned. Our excitement—seeking population will find in it one more avenue for the exodus of their surplus *ennui*, other than the enter-

tainments of the theater or the Ethiopian minstrelsy.

The design, if executed in the spirit elicited at the meeting, will give a permanency to the Association, which it would manifestly lack without the property investment of a *Reading Room, Library, Museum, &c.*

Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Ga., Nov. 1st, 1849.

GENTLEMEN:—

I have read with considerable pleasure, but no less astonishment, the remarks made by The Union in regard to the pronunciation of the word Woman, in your paper of the 20th ultimo.

The writer says that he has 'followed Webster just as far as was possible without a sacrifice of sense and *actual, respectable, established usage*.'

Is not this preposterous? Where can any man find this '*actual, respectable, established usage*' out of a standard work on the principles of Orthoepey? Mr. Pierce has 'too much good sense' to endorse any such nonsense. He is a man of good strong natural sense—a self-made man—one of the noblest works of God—but this is taking the wrong bull by the horns.

Your writer objects to Webster's pronunciation of woman. He says that it ought not to be *wom-an*—the *o* being sounded as *o* in *move*—but '*woom-un*.' Will the writer have the goodness to give his *authority* for this Orthoepey? His appeal to 'half a dozen, or a dozen, educated men' will avail nothing with an educated man; as no such man will allow the philological knowledge of these same 'half a dozen, or a dozen, educated men' to supersede the utility of Webster. 'The public will sustain him' in no such thing.

The word Man is derived from the Hebrew word *Monah*. The Greek word *men*, or mind, has the same meaning. The Latin word *homo*, which means Man, is derived from the Greek *o*, (*homen*) *the man, or the mind*. The feminine of *homo*, or Man, is *feo-min-a*, from *feo* to produce, and *min*, *men, mind, or Man*—which signifies the *Man or mind that produces*. Now, this word *feo-min*, or the *Man-producer*, is the original of the Saxon word woman. Some very learned men suppose that the real word for woman is *woe-Man*, from the sorrow which Eve brought upon Adam by eating of the forbidden fruit against the command of God. This idea is favored by the definition that the Latins give the word—namely, *womb-Man*, or *Man-with-a-womb*. This shows, at once, that Dr. Webster's Orthoepey is based upon the radical idea of the word in its original usage. Who would ever think of calling *womb-Man*, '*woom-un*'? How the *an* in woman can be transfigured into '*un*' is beyond my comprehension; and I think will somewhat baffle the latitudinarianism of your Philologist.

The Greek word *o*, *homen*, from which the Latin *homo* is derived, is not pronounced *hoom-un*, but ought to be, if *woman* should be pronounced '*woom-un*.' The same may be said of the Latin *homo*. The feminine of *homo* is not pronounced *feo-man*, but ought to be if your Philologist is right.

Such a thing as '*woom-un*' might, *perhaps*, be found in Arkansas, or beyond the Rocky Mountains; but I do not think that any such being is to be found in Syracuse.

Yours, very truly,

PHILO VERITAS.

Editors of '*The Literary Union*.'

Literary.

NOTICES.

ROCKINGHAM; or *The Younger Brother*.

Novel-writing, as a profession, has probably been made to subserve purposes as vile, and has given proof of as deep a degradation of the intellect, as any within the sphere of human exertion. It is a melancholy reflection to those who feel an American pride in the growing genius of our own country, that that genius has been more or less prostituted to purposes selfish to its possessors, and greatly corrupting to public morals. This has been the case to a very great extent during the last five or six years; an indication alike of a false taste and perverted morality. English literature is not now—whatever might have been the case in the days of Fielding and Smollet, subject in any great degree to the same objection. It ranks high for its healthy, moral tone, and for the spirit of speculative philosophy by which it is pervaded. Many of the greatest as well as the most philanthropic writers have chosen fiction as a means of inculcating sound precept, and presenting worthy example. Who that has read the fascinating pages of Edgeworth and the piquant Tales of Mrs. Opie, does not remember rising from their perusal more oblivious to the casual misfortunes of life, and more alive to its enjoyments? and what is more, with a firmer faith in the invincibility of virtue? This is the case to a greater or less degree with all, or nearly all, the productions of the standard English authors of the present time. Those who, in obedience to their religious scruples, or in imitation of their spiritual guides, have acquired the habit of denouncing indiscriminately, all novels and novel writers, as tending to demoralize the minds of men and deprave the public taste, will find a happy exception to their views in the work now before us. Indeed, from the long catalogue of objections that are usually urged against fictitious works, we are unable to select a single charge which may justly be applied to '*Rockingham*.' The object of the author seems to be to teach self-reliance, and impress upon the reader its importance in almost every occurrence in life. The incidents of the tale are such as might well happen to any *voyageur* upon the great ocean of existence, and it is the merit of this work, that the reader is unconsciously impressed with the feeling that in it are the records of truth, rather than of imagination.

New-York: H. Long and Brother.

For sale by Palmer.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The October No. of this able quarterly has come to hand. Its articles, as usual, are replete with interest and learning, although their political tone may not correspond generally with that of their ultra liberal readers. '*Tours in Ireland*,' notwithstanding the immense amount of information it presents, will be looked on as most obnoxious to the charge of toryism by those who are accustomed to lay the charge of Irish misery at the door of British Legislation. The same may be said of the article headed '*Rome*;' while '*Fotenelle on the Signs of Death*' and '*Britannia and Conway Tubular Bridges*' are conceived and executed in the true spirit of the Standard British Essayists.

Messrs. Scott & Co. are entitled to the warm thanks of American readers if not of American writers for their valuable re-publications.

For sale by Stoddard & Babcock.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 289.

Contents—The Presidents of France and America, Prussia, France and the Roman Question, Kavanagh and Evangeline, There and Back Again, The Modern Orator, Gesta Romanorum, Court and Reign of Francis the First, and Agriculture and Science; Hudson, the Railway King, off the Track is an illustration in the best style of *Punch*.

For sale at Palmer's.

Our Exchange Miscellany.

Common Schools in Kentucky.

The Committee on Education in the Convention in session in Kentucky, have made a report, declaring that the diffusion of knowledge and learning among men being essential to the preservation of liberty and free government, and the promotion of human virtue and happiness, it shall be the duty of the General Assembly to establish after the adoption of the constitution, and forever thereafter keep in existence, an efficient system of common schools throughout the commonwealth, which shall be equally open to all the white children thereof.

They also report in favor of setting aside a permanent fund of \$1,350,000 as a permanent school fund—the principle of which shall never be diminished by legislative appropriation or enactment.—The interest thereof, together with any other fund that may arise by taxation, heretofore or hereafter imposed by the General Assembly in aid of common schools, must be inviolably applied and devoted to the creation, support and encouragement thereof in the commonwealth, and for the equal benefit of all the children therein; whose instruction shall be provided for, by law; and no law shall be made authorising said fund, or any part thereof, to be diverted to any other use or purpose whatsoever, than that to which the same is herein before dedicated.

California Marriage Contract.

A private letter from a gentleman at San Francisco, to his friend in New York, says: 'I have been, as you know, over eight years in California, and am yet unmarried. My friend, Mr. C., has lately left for Scotland, and I have given him a commission to bring me out a wife of the following description: Not less than six feet, blue eyes and auburn hair. I am either to marry her, or pay a forfeit of \$10,000. I do hope, as soon as the country is a little more settled, about ten thousand first-rate girls will start for California; we have goods enough, and gold enough; now give us some wives.'

Lady Franklin.

If ever a man, says the Baltimore American, was made illustrious by the devotion of a wife, Sir John Franklin may claim that distinction. We have seen, and doubtless our readers have seen also, several letters from Lady Franklin, called forth by the perilous and almost desperate condition in which her husband was supposed to be, in his adventurous expedition towards the North Pole—and all these letters have indicated so strong a feeling of conjugal affection, with so much of feminine propriety, that however strongly our interests may have been enlisted for the bold and daring man, we are free to confess that our sympathies have rather claved to the true-hearted woman. She has become the prominent personage.

The Wheeling Bridge.

This great suspension bridge just completed, about which we have heard so much, proves, as it was too generally feared it would, to be too low to permit the steamboats to pass, since the Ohio has risen. A number of boats were stopped, and the press of Pittsburgh is very much excited on the subject. No wonder. They ought to be excited, and the whole community ought to be excited at such an unwarrantable blunder of the engineer.—Of course, 'something will be done.'—*German-town Telegraph*.

Pretty Good.

The *Express* says that:—The milk at a very fashionable house in the upper part of the city, which was usually very good, was found to be very poor one morning last week, looking blue, and having a waterish cast. Next morning the milkman was arraigned, and asked, what was the matter? His reply to the servant was—

'I beg your pardon, I made a mistake. I helped you out of the Boarding-House and Boarding-School can. I will be more careful in future. It shall never be done again.'

Consolidating the City and Districts.

A numerous and highly respectable meeting of the citizens of the city and districts of Philadelphia, was held on Friday night last, at which ex-Mayor Swift presided, having for its object the adoption of measures to obtain a consolidation of the city and districts under one municipal head.—*German-town Telegraph*.

Kossuth in England.

The last arrival informs us that it was expected that Kossuth would arrive at Southampton on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer Sultan, from Constantinople, about the 16th of December. Arrangements were making to give the illustrious Magyar a suitable reception.

Queen of Greece.

The Queen of King Otho, of Greece, is said to be the most beautiful Queen in Europe. She is the daughter of the Duke of Oldenburg—is about 30 years of age—her figure elegant, fair hair, lovely blue eyes, clear complexion, and a most winning smile. She is a Lutheran, but the King is a Catholic.—*N. Y. Organ*.

The Annexation of Canada.

An association, called 'The Annexation Association of Montreal,' has been formed in that city. At the last accounts, it comprised 300 highly intelligent and influential gentlemen.

During the heavy fogs that we have had lately, the Captain of the Troy horse-boat has had to steer with a compass. To prevent collisions, he double reefed the sorrel horse, and took the bonnet off the Chambermaid.—*Albany Dutchman*.

The Post Master General has issued a circular, against the transmission of letters and papers to California out-side the mails—which subjects the persons sending them, to a penalty of \$50 in each instance.

A bill to authorize Banking under a general law, has been rejected by the Legislature of Vermont.

The New York Canals will be closed on the 5th December.

News.

Carefully condensed for the Literary Union.

DOMESTIC.

AN ISLAND CEDED TO THE U. S.—By a late treaty, the Island of Tigre, on the western coast of Honduras, has been ceded by that Republic to the United States. By the dispatches of Mr. Squier, U. S. Charge, near that Government, it seems we have acquired other interests in that region, which will justify a careful attention on the part of our Government to whatever may affect the affairs of Central America.

THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION.—Under this title there has been founded in New-York, a Society of young men, of the HEBREW FAITH we presume, as we find these facts in *The Asmonean*, for the gratuitous distribution of fuel during the inclement season, originating in the efforts of a few benevolent youths. We are informed that its growth in a few months has been most rapid, numbering at the present time, above 200 contributing members, at an annual subscription of \$2. The very laudable purpose for which this charity is established, comes home to every heart, for in a climate like ours, fuel forms the most important item of a family's expenditure, at a period when their earnings are considerably lessened by the rigor of the season. We are informed that the managers of this charity have made an extensive and most advantageous contract for wood and coal for gratuitous distribution the coming winter.—*Tribune*.

THE TEHUANTEPEC RAILWAY.—The New Orleans Picayune, in reply to some doubt thrown upon the subject by a Boston paper, says, that, as an earnest of the intentions of the citizens of New Orleans, on this subject, the money has been already raised to pay the expenses of a survey; and intimates pretty strongly that the road will certainly be built.

DEATH FROM THE PRICK OF A PIN.—The Albany Knickerbocker states, that on Saturday a young man named Henry Dodge, accidentally run a pin into his arm just below the elbow, which was instantly extracted, and it was anticipated that nothing serious would occur from the slight accident, but on Tuesday his arm began to swell most alarmingly, from the effects of the poison, and though medical attendance of the best character was secured immediately, the swelling extended to the belly, and on Wednesday he was no more.


IMPRISONMENT OF JNO. M. BARRETT.—This gentleman in a public meeting in Cincinnati, has denied that his arrest and imprisonment in S. Carolina, was justified by any proof that he was concerned in the circulation of abolition documents; he states that his tour in the south was for the recovery of his health, and to collect materials for a Gazetteer. He was several times arrested and examined, and at last thrown into prison, where he remained nearly all summer, and from which he would not probably have escaped with his life, had it not been for the interference of some of the better portion of the community. When will S. Carolina cease to be the theater of outrages worthy the despotism of NICHOLAS, or the ferocity of HAYNAU?

INDIAN TROUBLES.—A telegraphic despatch, dated Detroit, November 17th, says:


We learn by the Franklin, just arrived from the *Sault St. Marie*, that great excitement prevailed there in consequence of apprehended difficulties between the Indians and Quebec Mining Company, arising from the neglect of the Canadian authori-

**PAGINATION
INCORRECT**

ties to make payment for their lands, which had been promised to the Indians. The latter had stolen three pieces of cannon, and had been joined by thirty whites, and to the number of two hundred had commenced their march on the operatives of the Company at their works. The most serious consequences are apprehended, as the Indians were well armed.

 Troops have been dispatched from Toronto to the theater of operations.

A SCOUNDREL SHOWN UP.—Charles Dickens has written a letter to his friend Lewis Gaylord Clark, Editor of the Knickerbocker, in which he strips the mask from an English Scoundrel now perambulating this country under the name of Thomas Powell, and who has had a biography of Dickens, as a part of a forthcoming book published in the New-York Evening Post. Dickens shows him to have been at home a forger and a thief, who was suffered to escape the vengeance of the law only in mercy to his family.—*Chronotype.*

 Powell has commenced a prosecution against Clark, on the ground that the publication of Dickens' letter was for the purpose of injuring him maliciously, as its contents were false.

THE RETURN OF ELIHU BURRITT.—Thursday evening, Elihu Burritt, the editor of the Worcester *Christian Citizen*, and more generally known as the 'learned blacksmith,' received a public welcome at the Tremont Temple, Boston. Ex-Mayor Quincy presided, and the meeting was addressed by several Delegates to the recent Peace Convention at Paris, and by Mr. Burritt himself. Mr. B. appealed to America to lead the Peace movement, because all other fields of distinction had been pre-occupied, and gave many plausible reasons in favor of the Peace movement and the brotherhood of men. Hon. Amos Tuck, the Representative of the 1st Congressional District of New-Hampshire in Congress, hoped that his auditors would all live to see a World's Peace Congress assembled at Faneuil Hall. The addresses of the Delegates to Paris (Rev. Drs. Allen of Northboro, and Northampton, Amos Walker, and Rev. J. F. Clark) were excellent.

FOREIGN.

By the Steamship Caledonia.

England.

Sir James Ross and Sir John Richardson, commanders of two separate expeditions sent in search of Sir John Franklin; and Capt. Ker of the whale-ship Chieftain, who heard from the missing expedition by means of the Esquimaux Indians, have all arrived in England.

The two Government expeditions, according to the reports of their commanders, visited and left depots of provisions at all accessible points near the region of Baffin's Bay, which Sir John Franklin, if yet alive, would be likely to visit.

Other expeditions are in quest of the adventurers in the region of Bhering's straits.

Ireland.

The attendance at the last Repeal Association Meeting, was rather thin.

The north of Ireland seems at the present time in a state of quiet; the expected collision between the Orangemen and the Ribbonmen, having been prevented by the police.

France.

The President, on the 3d instant, installed the Judges in the Palais de Justice. The ceremony is described as being very imposing. Louis Napoleon went in the uniform of a General of the National Guard, and was strongly escorted. Mass

was said by the Archbishop of Paris in the newly restored Sainte Chapelle, after which the President and those who assisted, repaired to the Great Hall of Justice, where M. Rouher, one of the Ministers, delivered a short address, which was replied to by the President.

The remarks made by him to his new Ministry, indicate his views of the Constitution under which he acts as Chief Magistrate:

'I have called upon you to co-operate in the patriotic work of maintaining the Constitution in the interest of society. I have sworn to preserve this Constitution, and I will observe my oath. I did not like to assist in framing it, but I have taken it, such as it is, and I will not betray the trust that is reposed to me. I have seen, and have not hesitated to speak of, its imperfections; but there is enough in it to enable us to do good, and the time will come for the legal revision of these imperfections.'

It is reported that one of the first acts of the new ministry will be to bring forward a measure demanding an augmentation to the President's salary of three or four millions of francs per annum.

General Baraguay d'Hilliers is announced to proceed to Rome, invested with the functions of Commander-in-Chief of the army, and political agent. General Rostolan and M. de Coreolles, are to return forthwith.

The religious order of the Dominicans has been officially re-installed in Paris.

Klapka has been in Paris during the week.

It is said that at a Council of Ministers, held on Wednesday, it was resolved that a director-generalship of police should be created, dependent upon the Minister of the Interior, as was the case under the empire and the second restoration.

It is stated that the French Government has ordered a steam-frigate to proceed to Portici, to be placed at the disposal of the Pope for his return to Rome.

Rome.

There is a monthly deficit of 3,000,000 francs in the Roman finances.

Large Austrian forces are being concentrated at Ancono, and fortifications are in process of erection on the road leading to Rome.

Letters from Bologna of the 29th ult., announce the dismissal of Father Venturini.

The command of the Pontifical troops at Rome and its environs, has been taken from General Levalliant, and given to officers appointed by the Court of Gaeta. This step is taken by the advice of Austria, Spain and Naples.

A deputation from the Municipal Council of Rome, headed by Prince Odescalchi, set out for Portici, on the 25th ult., to request his Holiness to return to Rome.

Mgr. Savelli, with a view of checking political discussion, has forbidden barbers to have more than four customers at a time in their shops.

Venice.

The *Venice Gazette* of the 29th ult., contains the following notification:

'No individual who has left Venice in consequence of the capitulation can return to this city without my permission, on pain of arrest. As for those who can justify their conduct during the revolution, they may send the documents in support of their claim to the Military Committee of Inquiry, sitting at Venice, who will apply for the requisite decision.'

'Gonzkowsky, Military and Civic Governor.'

Sicily.

A royal decree has appeared regulating the Government of Sicily. A Consulta, composed of a pre-

sident and seven counselors, to be chosen from among the most distinguished subjects of Sicily, is to sit at Palermo. Six reporters and a secretary are to be attached to the Consulta. The Consulta is to give its opinion on the projects of high legislation, and on the measures of general administration; also on the interpretation of legislative enactments, on disputed attributions, and jurisdictions of the tribunals and other authorities, both lay and ecclesiastical, on applications for naturalization, questions of precedence, and the judicial and administrative circumspections of the island.

Austria and Hungary.

Military trials, imprisonments, and executions, still continue.

The Jesuits are fast returning to Austria. Some of them have already arrived at Konigsgratz, and preparations were being made in Vienna, for the reception of the female Jesuits of the order of the Redeemer.

Austria has ordered the defiles near Dukla, Jublunka, and Przymysl, leading from Galicia into Hungary, to be carefully fortified.

Russia.

The decisive attitude assumed by England on the Turkish question, has annoyed the Emperor very much. He has caused Count Nesselrode to address an energetic note to the English Government on the subject. In the note the Emperor protests against this hostile demonstration in the midst of peace, and against the right which England arrogates to herself to interfere in a matter which regards only Russia and the Sublime Porte. As to the difficulties which this affair may give rise to, the interpretation of the treaty existing between these two powers belongs, says the note, to them alone, and England ought to remain completely unconnected with it.

Turkey.

The utmost activity still prevails in every department of the public service; Turkey is in an advanced stage of military preparation.

The Porte has issued to all the civil and military officers of the empire, a notification of her late disputes with Russia and Austria. It is stated that so far the rupture is temporary, and no apprehensions whatever are entertained of events taking an unfavorable turn, but negotiations might aggravate the matter; and of this they will be informed by future advices.


Bermuda.


By an arrival from Bermuda, we have accounts of a serious riot which broke out at Hamilton, in consequence of the Legislative Council having introduced a clause into an ordinance, by which debtors are subjected to the same prison discipline as criminals. Some lives are said to have been lost in the melee.


Canada.


It is said that Lord Elgin has promised the Jesuit estates to the Catholic Church, provided it will stifle the annexation movement.

GLEANINGS.

 The good people of Rochester are getting into an excitement on the subject of ghosts.

 One of Cole's pictures, and his earliest production, was sold in Boston a few days since for \$176. It was entitled 'Daniel Boone in the Wilderness.'

 General Paredes, of Mexico, is dead. He expired in the city of Mexico on the 11th of September.

 Lower Sandusky, Ohio, has recently had its name changed to Fremont.

The Phrenological Journal.

This Journal is a monthly publication, containing thirty-six or more octavo pages, at One Dollar a year, in advance.

To reform and perfect ourselves and our race, is the most exalted of all works. To do this we must understand the HUMAN CONSTITUTION. This, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, and VITAL MAGNETISM embrace, and hence fully expound all the laws of our being, conditions of happiness, and causes of misery; constituting the philosopher's stone of UNIVERSAL TRUTH.

PHRENOLOGY.

Each number will contain either the analysis and location of some phrenological faculty, illustrated by an engraving, or an article on their combinations; and also the organization and character of some distinguished personage, accompanied by a likeness, together with frequent articles on Physiognomy and the Temperaments.

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This weekly newspaper seeks as its end the Peaceful Transformation of human societies from isolated to associated interests—from competitive to co-operative industry—from disunity to unity. Amidst Revolution and Reaction, it advocates Reorganization. It desires to reconcile conflicting classes, and to harmonize man's various tendencies by an orderly arrangement of all relations, in the Family, the Township, the Nation, the World.

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Trade Sale Books.

WE are now receiving great additions to our stock of Theological, Classical, School, Miscellaneous and Library Books—purchased at the late New York Trade Sales—enabling us to offer greater inducements than ever before to purchasers.

Oct. 20, 1849.

WYNKOOP & BROTHER.

Salem Town's School Books,

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Child's FIRST BOOK; Trade price, 12½ cents.

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" THIRD READER; " 50 "

" FOURTH READER; " 80 "

" FIFTH READER; will be published soon.

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The above works were adopted at the last session of the Onondaga Co. Teachers' Institute, and are already used in nearly one half the schools in the county.

Teachers, or persons wishing the above works for introduction, will be supplied at very reduced prices by Wynkoop & Brother, Syracuse; or by addressing John A. Kerr, care of H. Gillam & Co., Auburn.

Books will be sent to any part of the County, if desired.

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Piano Fortes from the best manufacturers—all warranted. American, French, and Spanish Guitars. Firth, Pond & Co., and Wm. Hall & Son's Brass Instruments, Violins, Flutes, Accordions, Melodeons, and all other approved Instruments. Sheet Music, Instruction Books for all Instruments, and, in short, every thing that a music store should contain. Bands furnished at New York prices.

Syracuse, July 21, 1849.

To School Teachers,

AND THE FRIENDS OF EDUCATION, GENERALLY.

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"Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave."—Pope.

Also, an *Essay on Reading, Spelling, &c. &c.*, by the same.

Teachers and school officers in the city, are invited to call and receive copies for examination.

Those residing in any other part of the United States, who will send, post paid, their post office address, shall receive gratis, through the mail, copies of the above, subject only to postage, which on the *Primer* (bound) is 4 1-2 cents; on the *First Reader*, 6 1-2 cents; the *Essay*, 2 1-2 cents.

The *Second Reader* will be issued in about three weeks, and will be sent on the same terms as the above. Postage about 10 or 12 cents probably.

The following are some of the features of "The Natural Series," when complete. Especial attention is solicited to the plan of teaching the *right pronunciation of words*, (without continual reference to the teacher) as the author believes that life is too short for a person to be required to spend one-half in going astray, and half of the other half in discovering his mistake, and returning to the right road.

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II. *The First Reader*; with more than fifty cuts. 108 p.

III. *The Second Reader*; with more than fifty cuts—in press.

IV. *The Third Reader*; to be issued in September, 1849.

V. *The Fourth Reader*; to follow the Third Reader very soon.

VI. *The Fifth Reader*; to follow the Fourth Reader very soon.

The *Primer* presents a new and improved method of learning the alphabet. Following the alphabetical exercises are XXXIV. easy lessons in Spelling and Reading.

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**CITY LAND SALE.
MILL POND TRACT.**

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Common Council of the City of Syracuse, will on the 4th day of December next at 10 o'clock, A. M., expose for sale at public Auction, to the highest bidder, the lands hereinafter described—or so much thereof as may be necessary—at the Empire House, in the city of Syracuse, for the non-payment of the sum of \$2,150 20 spent by the City in reclaiming the said lands, and personally demanded of the owners, and also for the expense of advertising and selling the same. Such sale will be made by virtue of the Act of the Legislature of this State, passed on the 25th day of January, 1849, entitled "An Act to authorize the abatement of a nuisance on lands owned by the People of the State of New York, and other lands in the city of Syracuse;" and will be subject to any previous taxes or assessments thereon.

The lands above referred to, are described as follows:—Those two certain pieces or parcels of land on Block No. 105, in the late village of Syracuse, according to the map and survey of John Lathrop, bounded thus: The one commencing at a point on the north side of the old mill pond 206 feet west of the east line of said Block and 76 feet south of Fayette street; thence south on a line parallel with Clinton street to the center of the old channel of the Onondaga Creek; thence westerly along the center of such channel to the center of the new channel of said Creek; thence northerly along the center of said new channel until it is intersected by a continuation of the south line of Fayette street; thence easterly along such continuation and such south line to a point in the south line of Fayette street 360 feet west of the north-east corner of said Block; thence south on a line parallel with Clinton street 20 feet; thence southeasterly to a point 65 feet south of Fayette street, and 272 feet west of Clinton street; thence south-easterly to the place of beginning. The other piece bounded thus: Beginning on the north line of said mill pond at a point 75 feet west from Clinton street, and 138 feet south of Fayette street; thence south on a line parallel with Clinton street to the center of the old channel of the Onondaga Creek; thence west along the center of such channel 30 feet; thence north on a line parallel with Clinton street to a point 105 feet west of Clinton street, and 132 feet south of Fayette street, and thence easterly to the place of beginning.

The channels of the Onondaga Creek, above mentioned, as laid down on a map of the same made by Benjamin F. Green, surveyor, &c.

By order of the Board,

E. W. LEAVENWORTH, Mayor.

S. CORNING JUDD, Clerk.

Syracuse, Oct. 11, 1849.

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Democratic Review,	3 " 25 monthly.
Gramam's Magazine,	3 " 25 "
Godley's Lady's Book,	3 " 25 "
Blackwood's do.,	3 " 25 "
Sartain's Union Mag.	3 " 25 "
Holden's Dollar do.,	1 " 12½ "
Ladies' National do.,	2 " 18 "
Ch'n Ladies' Wreath,	1 " 9 "
" Family Circle,	1 " 9 "
Merry's Museum,	1 " 9 "
N. American Review,	1 " 1,25 quarterly.
Edinburgh do.,	3 " 75 "
Westminster do.,	3 " 75 "
London do.,	3 " 75 "
North British do.,	3 " 75 "

NEWSPAPERS.

NEW YORK CITY.—Nation, Tribune, Scientific American, Organ, Spirit of the Times, Home Journal, Police Gazette, Literary World, New York Herald, Sunday Mercury, Ned Buntline's Own, Daily Herald, Tribune and Express.

BOSTON.—Uncle, Sam Yankee, Flag of our Union, Museum, Pilot, Yankee Blade, Olive Branch, Star Spangled Banner.

PHILADELPHIA.—Saturday Courier, Neal's Gazette, Dollar Newspaper, Post.

LONDON.—Illustrated Times, News, Punch.

W. L. PALMER, Syracuse.

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Removal.

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Syracuse, Sept. 28, 1849.

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Dr. C. would say to those in want of parts, or entire sets of TEETH on plate, that he will, (in order to obviate the inconvenience which people experience from going without teeth 3 or 6 months, which is necessary before inserting the permanent set,) furnish them with a temporary set free from expense, until the set is inserted.

Syracuse, June, 1849.

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A Large and well selected assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Dental Stock and Fancy Goods,

Can be found at the CITY DRUG STORE, all of which are of the first quality and will be sold at reasonable prices.

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Selected with great care expressly for City Retail Trade. Those who want pure WINES AND LIQUORS, expressly for medicinal purposes, can be supplied.

D. Y. FOOT.

Syracuse, June 4, 1849.

CENTRAL MEDICAL COLLEGE,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The Fall and Winter Course of Lectures in this Institution, will commence on the FIRST MONDAY IN NOVEMBER next, and will continue sixteen weeks. The aggregate cost of Tickets will be \$55, including Demonstrator's fee. The Graduating Class will receive the benefit of extra instructions from the Faculty, during hours not appropriated to the regular exercises of the College, as often as three times per week. The only requisites for graduation are suitable qualifications.

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*Dr. D. C. LINCK has several years past been A. Prof. of Analytical Chemistry in Cambridge University, Mass., and resigns his Chair in that Institution, and comes to Syracuse to settle permanently as the Prof. of Chemistry and Botany in Central Medical College, and is author of a work on Chemistry, and recommended in the warmest manner by Cambridge University, as well as by Dr. Liebig of Germany, his preceptor. Dr. L. is furnished with the necessary apparatus and laboratory, fully prepared to do justice to his important department.

†Dr. W. BEACH, of N. Y., is the distinguished Author of numerous Medical Works of world-wide reputation. He has recently traveled through eight or ten kingdoms in Europe, and visited nearly all the important Medical Institutions to collect information to promote the cause of scientific reform. He has engaged to be here early in the session, with a female anatomical model, made to order in Paris, diagrams, pathological drawings, &c., executed in London, and establish a Dispensary and Clinic for students, where lectures will be given on the diseases of patients present, that the students may enjoy the full benefits of his extensive research. The entire influence of Prof. B. is pledged to this College.

NOTE.—Seventy-six students have already given their names to attend the Lectures, and among the number, Mrs. B. B. Gleason, wife of Dr. Gleason, Physician to the Glen Haven Water Cure Infirmary, with a view to complete her medical education, by attending two terms of Lectures, and obtaining the degree of M. D. A second Miss Blackwell. Two other ladies are expected to attend. Syracuse, Sept., 1849.

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